December 23
1920

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

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"Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us" (MATTHEW 1: 23).

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GREETINGS OF THE MISSIONARIES.

WE celebrate this anniversary of the birth of our Lord with grateful hearts for his wonderful gospel and our blessing in being partakers of it. His advent into this world in the meridian of time began a new dispensation, and his ministry prepared the way for the redemption of mankind from the fall. Through Adam death came into the world: through Christ came the resurrection of the dead. He conquered death and the grave, and was received up into heaven and sat on the right hand of God. "And all power was given unto him in heaven and in earth." He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men, even that of eternal life.

He also opened the dispensation of the fulness of times, appearing with the Father in a glorious vision to Joseph Smith. This was in the spring of the year 1820. He restored to the earth again the gospel of Jesus Christ in its fulness, through the prophet, whose birthday we celebrate two days before Christmas. Joseph was the humble instrument in the service of our Lord to reveal every principle thereof; and like the Master, he gave his life, a martyr to the same truth that brought about the crucifixion on Calvary.

We worship Jesus Christ as our Redeemer and Lord, the captain of our salvation. We honor Joseph Smith as his prophet. We revere the memory of both for their inestimable ministry and service. Surely no people have greater reason to remember this month of their nativity than the Latter-day Saints. While we rejoice in this knowledge and we enjoy the pleasures of the holiday season, let us do so in reverence and with thanksgiving and praise. We can manifest our gratitude to our Heavenly Father, by kindness to his children who are in need, and our own peace of mind and contentment will be greatly enhanced thereby. With deep appreciation of the faith and devotion of my associ-

ates in this great European mission, I invoke the favor of our Heavenly Father upon you, one and all, and wish you a joyous Christmas.

Durham House. GEORGE ALBERT SMITH.

IT is a joyful privilege to accept with credulity and living faith the wonderful annunciation of the coming of the Lord made to the shepherds, who kept watch of their flocks by night: "And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord" (Luke 2: 9-11).

In the ministry of the Lord he was ever kind and considerate of women. And in his dealings with them he brought forth some of the grandest sayings that ever fell from his lips. To the woman of Samaria he said: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John 4: 13, 14). With Mary and Martha, and with Mary Magdalene and his mother, his ministry served the same purpose, and taught the most glorious truths.

In the ministry of Joseph Smith the prophet, the inspiration of the Lord led him to an early appreciation of women, and to it we owe, more than to anything else, the organizations and the enthusiasm, securing to women the opportunities and privileges, which have come to them in the past hundred years—their equal rights to the blessings of pure religion; their ministry to the poor, provided by the Relief Societies; their social and intellectual development, provided by the Improvement Associations; their civil and political rights, secured at last by the voting franchise in all America and in many other countries.

It is for us to lift up our grateful hearts in thanksgiving and praise to the Lord for all our blessings, and to hold ourselves in the humble and obedient spirit which prompted the Virgin Mary, when she said to the angel of the annunciation: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word" (Luke 1: 38).

Durham House. LUCY W. SMITH.

CHILDREN look forward to Christmas Day with feelings of joyous expectation. Their hope is stimulated and their pleasure is intensified by a contemplation of the undefined happiness which the coming festive time promises to them. They know not in detail what gifts will be theirs. They can not tell with exactitude how extended will be the circle of their joys. Their

little minds are temporarily satisfied with the feeling that when the wished-for day arrives, a time of boundless gladness will have come to them. The pains and trials and difficulties which beset them are speedily forgotten when the thoughts about Christmas come into their minds.

The long-desired day arrives. Early in the morning little voices fill the house with mirth. Thoughtless of the need of the day's prescribed attire, the children, in their nightgowns, leap from their beds and run into the room where the Christmas-tree awaits them. The fire in the grate extends to them its welcoming warmth. The stockings, filled with toys, give to the little ones a sense of proprietorship in the riches of the world. Glittering presents hanging on the fragrant evergreen invite the gaze of wondering, sparkling eyes. What they actually behold far surpasses the visions presented to them in dreamland.

Children of God who now dwell in the household of mortality are looking forward to a day of supreme happiness. They have no clear comprehension of the glories which await them, but they have complete faith in the future. Although they suffer the pangs of bodily affliction and feel the keenness of mental pain, their sorrows are assuaged and their burdens are lightened because of their expectation of a heavenly Christmas. The shades of life's night will close their eyes in death. On the morning, in the spacious gathering-place of the Father's mansion, His children, having risen from their slumbers, will assemble amid the splendors of a celestial household, and witness such grandeur and partake of such joys as their human senses had been unable to conceive.

Liverpool Office. JOHN E. COTTAM.

"AND when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him, gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh."

The wise men of old who followed the star of the east as it went before them were the first to lay at the feet of Him, who came to earth amid the humble setting of a Judean stable, their gifts of the heart.

On each recurrence of the anniversary of that important event, those who claim to be followers of the Prince of Peace celebrate the day, in part, by giving presents to their fellows. Such acts are commendable, but a gift to be worthy the occasion must be inspired by true benevolence, wear the cloak of unselfishness and be wrapped in the love of the giver. If the bestower has not in his heart a desire to bring happiness and good will to the recipient of his favor, or to assist in the establishment of peace on earth, then the spirit that characterized the first offering is lost in the mists of self aggrandizement.

As we remember with gifts of the heart those who are dear to us, let the greatest gift of our Heavenly Father to his children

be uppermost in our minds, for "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Liverpool Office. T. M. WHEELER.

"THIS is life eternal to know thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

In fulfilment of the great plan wrought out by the council of the gods before the foundation of the earth was laid, a beautiful babe was born in the meridian of time. Into that little body of flesh and bones entered the spirit of the God and Creator of heaven and earth. The child grew to manhood, and at the proper time made known his mission and unfolded the wonderful plan of life and salvation. Calling upon all men everywhere to repent and be baptized, he explained that there was no other way to enter into the kingdom of heaven. He not only taught by precept, but every act of his life was perfect, setting an example of perfection, for he said, "I do nothing save what I have seen my Father do." He offered to all who would obey Him, eternal progression, with thrones, kingdoms, powers and dominions and the promise to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection clothed with glory, immortality and eternal life. No greater promise than this could be made to mortal man, nor can these blessings be comprehended by him. They imply power to overcome the Adversary, the destroyer of happiness and peace on earth, who would also cheat him of life in the worlds to come.

To those who know that the angel of the restoration has revealed again the true gospel of the Master in these last days, Christmas, has a more glorious meaning, for the gift of the Holy Ghost bears witness to their souls that the Son of man will come again to bring, peace on earth good will toward men.

Liverpool Office. JOHN A. BURT.

"FEAR not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace good will toward men."

Over nineteen hundred years have passed since this angelic announcement was made to the shepherds who watched their flocks by night. With what joy and thanksgiving should we Latter-day Saints welcome the advent of Christmastide, for at this time of the year was born the greatest prophet of all prophets except Jesus of Nazareth, Joseph Smith, who was called to usher in the dispensation of the fulness of times; whose mis-

sion and message was like that of Christ, peace on earth, good will toward men. Let us give praise unto our Eternal Father for the knowledge he has given us. May we be valiant soldiers in this great cause, that we let our light so shine before men that they may glorify God and sing praises unto his name. May we, when called upon to give an account of our work in this probation, be able to say that we have fought the good fight and have finished the work that was given us to do. With Elders Dan C. Smedley and William L. Wyatt, we extend unto all readers of the *Millennial Star* the Season's Greetings for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Sheffield. JOSEPH HAMSTEAD, Conference President.

As the days, weeks, months have passed away, it has brought us near the close of Nineteen hundred and twenty. We, the elders of the Newcastle conference, acknowledge and appreciate, the noble work you, President Smith, have done as President of the European mission. We esteem the visits, counsel, and advice you have given us. We pledge you our hearty support in carrying these glad tidings to the people in our conference. May God bless you with health and strength to carry out your desires for the coming year. We, with Elders Osmond C. Crowther, Ernest H. Kearl, and John Black, of the Newcastle conference, join in wishing you and all the saints a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Sunderland. DAVID E. RANDALL, Conference President.

As we are approaching the birthday anniversary of our Lord and Master, and greetings of good cheer go out to all mankind, we feel that we, Elders Wilford O. Woodruff, Arthur L. Crawford, and J. Fred. Pingree, and the undersigned, of the Liverpool conference, should, and do, extend our well-wishes to our beloved President, and pray that God's choicest blessings will ever attend him, his wife and family, and all those associated with them at the headquarters of the European mission. On such occasions we desire to express our appreciation for the many words of love and encouragement that they have extended to us personally, and through that bright luminary, the *Millennial Star*, whose pages have been redundant with valuable advice for elders and saints alike.

Blackburn. WILLIAM J. STARKEY, Conference President.

"FEAR not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his Star in the east, and are come to worship him." How wonderful these messages are! The first from an angel from heaven, the

second from the wise men from the east to Jerusalem. It is easy to imagine that they must have startled all Jerusalem and Judea. Great excitement would have prevailed; to some anxiety, fear, and wonderment; to others, peace, joy and great happiness, praising God for his loving kindness and great works. Surely we Latter-day Saints should rejoice for that other witness of these great truths, the Book of Mormon. May peace, love and happiness be unto all this Christmastide. In behalf of Elders Harry S. Stoker, Andrew T. Jacobsen, and myself, of the Leeds conference,

Bradford. LEONARD H. WHIPPLE, Conference President.

AT the conclusion of the year 1920, our hearts turn in gratitude to God for His loving kindness and tender mercies; for life, health, kindred, friends; above all for the gospel of Jesus Christ, the hope of eternal life; for the opportunity of disseminating the gospel message of love and light and truth in this generation; for the association of His servants and saints in this land; for the life of devotion and faithfulness and the leadership of President George Albert Smith, and of his family and associates at Liverpool. We, Elders George H. Hansen, Luke Briggs, John J. Kirby, Walter Roberts and myself, join in greetings of love for a successful and happy New Year to all elders, saints and friends in the European mission.

Manchester. T. L. REDFORD, Conference President.

THE President and Elders Abraham Noble, Harold E. Brough, and Sister Annie E. Noble, lady missionary of the Nottingham conference, send Christmas and New Year's greetings to the President and members of the European mission. As the festival of Christ's nativity gathers friends together and sets the solitary in families again, so may the loneliest find the earth more homelike for Christ having come, and the despised and the outcast feel they have a right to be reckoned of the Father's family, and a welcome awaiting them in the home of His heart. As the happiness of Christmastide spreads among all peoples, and bids men be merry, so may they turn to Christ to find the secret of His joy, and for the desolate may the angels sing again their song of glory and of abiding peace to all mankind.

Nottingham. VIRGIL B. STALLINGS, Conference President.

"PEACE on earth, goodwill toward men." The world needs the application of the above more than ever, especially in Ireland, where strife and bloodshed seems to be the order of the day. Peace can only come by accepting the gospel of him who was born and cradled in Bethlehem; therefore, let the ambassadors of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints go on, "be not weary of well doing." "After you have received the Holy

Ghost ye shall witness of me" (Acts 1: 8). "All baptized members of the Church, having received the Holy Ghost, should therefore, witness, day by day, for him. "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Ring, Christmas bells! your message gives
  Ring, ring with right good will;
Faith to believe that truth still lives
For though humanity's bruised breast,
Is throbbing with a wild unrest
Man longs and strives yet for the best,
  God's in his Heaven still.

In behalf of myself and Elder William Horlacher, of the Irish conference.

BENJAMIN R. BIRCHALL, Conference President.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A traveler through a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening-time, to breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas old, and yet 'twas new—
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great; a watchfire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—a transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.
O gem! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

—CHARLES MACKAY.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1920.

EDITORIAL:

DECEMBER TWENTY-THIRD.

FIFTEEN years ago to-day, a notable celebration occurred at Sharon, Windsor County, New York. It was of the one hundredth anniversary of the Prophet Joseph Smith's birth. The farm on which he was born had been purchased in the previous May; its identification established and titles abstracted from King George III., to Joseph F. Smith, trustee-in-trust, of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. During the summer and autumn a beautiful monument, of polished granite, had been erected on the highest ground, a short distance from the site of the old farm-house. Upon this site, a modern cottage was built, the central attraction of which was the fireplace in the living room, whose hearthstone, restored to its original position, was that of the original cottage, occupied by the family at the time the Prophet was born. After the cottage was completed and nicely furnished, oil paintings of the portraits of Joseph and Hyrum and of their mother, were placed above the mantel, over the old home hearth-stone, upon which she no doubt washed and dressed her babe that was born there. Hung under the portrait of the Prophet, framed in gold and clearly printed, is the following:

THE ANGEL MORONI TO JOSEPH SMITH,
September 21st, 1823.

"He called me by name and said unto me that he was a messenger sent from the presence of God to me and that his name was Moroni; * * * that God had a work for me to do; and that my name should be had for good and evil among all nations, kindreds and tongues; or that it should be both good and evil spoken of among all people."

It was a notable company of thirty persons that had come from Utah, a distance of twenty-five hundred miles, to attend the dedication of this Monument and Memorial Cottage. It was headed by President Joseph F. Smith, and, besides his second counselor, Anthon H. Lund, and five members of the Twelve Apostles, the Presiding Patriarch, John Smith, two of the First Presidency of the Seventies, and other Church dignitaries, there were representatives of several leading families of the Church and ten blood-relatives of the Prophet present. This company traveled in a special car and made an extended visit to Boston and the Hill Cumorah and other places of interest *enroute.*

President George Albert Smith was manager of the excursion. In addition there were twenty-five missionaries and other Utah people, making a total of fifty-five at the dedication. The people of the neighborhood for miles around assembled to the number of several hundreds. The exercises were held in the cottage which was crowded and an overflow meeting was conducted outside. At the conclusion of the dedicatory prayer the monument was unveiled and disclosed the inscriptions, which are as follows:

Upon the southerly side in sunken letters—the largest three inches long, the smallest two inches:

"Sacred to the Memory of Joseph Smith the Prophet. Born here 23rd December, 1805; Martyred, Carthage, Illinois, 27th June, 1884."

On the opposite northerly side in letters, the largest three inches, the smallest one and three-quarters inches:

"Testimony of Joseph Smith.

In the spring of the year of our Lord, 1820, The Father and The Son appeared to him in a glorious vision, called him by name and instructed him.

Thereafter heavenly angels visited him and revealed the principles of the gospel, restored the authority of the holy priesthood, and the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ in its fulness and perfection.

The engraved plates of the Book of Mormon were given him by the angel Moroni. These he translated by the gift and power of God.

He organized the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the sixth day of April, 1830, with six members.

He devoted his life to the establishment of this Church, and sealed his testimony with his blood.

In his ministry he was constantly supported by his brother Hyrum Smith, who suffered martrydom with him.

Over a million converts to this testimony have been made throughout the world; and this monument has been erected in his honor, to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, by members of the Church which he organized.

They love and revere him as a prophet of God, and call his name blessed forever and ever. Amen."

Around the capstone just above the die, in letters three inches long, is the following quotation from the Bible, which led Joseph Smith to seek the Lord:

"If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him" (James 1:5).

The recovery of his birthplace, and celebrating his hundredth

anniversary in the above substantial and impressive manner, was the first of a series of interesting centennial celebrations, that are apt to be held in commemoration of important events in Joseph Smith's life. The time of his first vision, in the spring of 1820, is being celebrated throughout the Church this present year; the visitation of the Angel Moroni, September, 1823; the coming forth of the golden plates of the Book of Mormon in 1827; and the organization of the Church, April, 1830, are other occasions for appropriate and notable observance.

In honoring his birthday, and in distinguishing places and events connected with his ministry, the Latter-day Saints are speaking his name for good, before all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people. The unbelieving world have from the first, continuing down to the present, spoken his name for evil. Between us and the world, the above words of the Angel Moroni have been, and are being literally fulfilled; thus establishing Joseph Smith as a fearless, trustworthy and true prophet.

How else shall he be described? Could he or any sane person have issued such a challenge to mankind as is contained in the above words accredited to an angel sent from God, if he were not inspired by the Spirit of prophecy, and sure that his inspiration was true? He laid himself open to immediate detection and utter failure; for while it might have been easy to surmise that his name would be spoken evil of, what else but inspiration could give him the courage to claim that his name should also be had for good among all nations, kindreds, tongues and people.

The testimony inscribed upon this monument, the existence at his birthplace of such a monument (being one of the largest polished granite shafts on end on earth) and the tribute of thousands of visitors, who go there annually, to see and read for themselves, is the answer. And a remarkable fact attendant upon the pilgrimages to this beautiful place, which has been adorned with lawns, and shrubs and flowers, is that so profound is the impression it creates, so delightful, and exalting the influence and spirit of the place, that not a soul has ever been heard to utter a disrespectful word while there, and not an act of vandalism has been committed on the premises.

Having had a part in the creation of this tribute to the memory of our beloved martyred prophet, spending years about the place of his birth, it is with feelings of great joy and gratitude to the Almighty that we testify and bear witness that his name is there spoken for good; that at his birthplace it is had in honorable remembrance; that there he is fully vindicated and upheld, and his name and fame established as a prophet of the living God.

J. F. W.

President Angus J. Cannon, with his wife and little daughter, Olive, arrived in Liverpool from Switzerland on their way home;

sailing thence, after four days' visit at Durham House, on December 15th, per s.s. *Empress of France*. President Cannon is released from the Swiss and German mission, over which he has presided for more than four years. For the greater part of the time, while the war lasted, he was not permitted to enter Germany; but for more than a year past this restriction has been at times modified to permit him to visit the branches there. A wonderful work has been done in the mission, especially this year. It is already reported that over eleven hundred baptisms have been performed, and over forty native saints have accepted appointments, and are performing missions, giving the whole of their time to that labor. President Cannon leaves his field of labor with the love and confidence of the people, and his mission among them will never be forgotten. He goes home with the assurance of a glorious welcome by the leaders of the Church, and by a host of friends and kindred, who rejoice in the record he has made. *Bon voyage.*

We have received, by courtesy of the Deseret Book Company, publishers, a copy of the interesting little volume entitled, "Prophecies of Joseph Smith and their Fulfilment." It is by Elder Nephi L. Morris, president of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion, and is well gotten up, with a large number of illustrations and reproductions. Its table of contents is as follows, the last chapter being from the pen of Elder Junius F. Wells:

"The Great Prophecy on War; A Mighty People in the Rocky Mountains; America—the Cradle of Humanity; The Prophecy Regarding Stephen A. Douglas; Book of Mormon—A Prophecy; Orson Hyde; The Date of Birth and Crucifixion of the Lord; Two Expulsions from Jackson County, Missouri; Conclusion; Appendix—Prayer of Orson Hyde on the Mount of Olives."

THE BAG OF GOLD.

A Story With Three Endings.

I hope, gentle reader, that you will have patience to read this story through to the end of the last ending. You will have to, if you discover it to be a Christmas story; and I particularly desire that you should, for the last ending is mine, and I think it better than the other two or I should not have told it.

It was at least rather strange that I should have so unexpectedly met the Author, on the boat-train down from London; we got into the same compartment, our corner seats facing each other. I think perhaps he recognized me an instant first. It had been twelve years since our previous meeting, when together we were dined at Morettis, in New York, by a very great man of

letters, who had then spoken of him, as one of America's most promising young authors. In the meantime he had come up to the promise, and was now at the zenith of fame and fortune, the author of popular books, and alas! on the verge of the grave—for his health was gone, and he was making his last journey homewards and to the churchyard of his ancestors.

If it were a surprise to so come together on the train, which gave us brief time for reminiscences of that former meeting and of our continuing delight in our common friend, "the great man of letters," imagine. if you can, our astonishment, when upon going aboard the steamship, at Liverpool for New York, we found that our berths were in the same stateroom, and fortunately, that we were its only occupants. I say fortunately, for it was a winter passage and stormy, too, and we found congenial comfort and enjoyment in the sofa and lower berth, as in lying down, we better defied the terrors of the *mal de mer*. It was in this ten days intimate association at sea, that the Author told me this story, down to the end of the second ending, which was his, and he thought it better than the first, or he would not have told it.

I don't quite remember what started him, but the gentle charm of his manner, and the perfection of his diction, as he proceeded with the narrative, I shall never forget. It was delightful to listen to him. His discriminating choice of words, and his voice, which the fatal disease upon him was so soon to still forever, was already feeble at times, and prolonged utterance tired him. But he never complained; on the contrary, he assumed a buoyancy intended to conceal all consciousness of his plight. He said he was sorry not to have met me in London, and at once began to unfold the following story, almost as though he were reading it from a book.

He said: I was sauntering along the Serpentine leading towards Hyde Park corner, just where you get, turning to the right, that broad impressive view of the landscape and compelling impression of the glory of the trees; of their strength and majesty, as you see their great trunks upstanding from the undulating green, upon which the shadows of their wide-spreading branches are lightly dancing to the music of the wind playing above them. At length I came to the sunken gardens and beheld the passion of the rhododendrons bursting into blushing blossoms of variegated splendor, to woo and win the love of all the landscape, glorying in their smiling conquest. Reaching the seats about Stanhope gate, whither fashion's throng had already assembled, to hear the morning band play, I dropped into one of the outer circles, not noticing the occupant of the next and only seat still left vacant. From this position, my eyes were presently gazing in a new discovery and delight at the tops of the trees forming scallops, and, paying the passing attendant the pittance charged for

the two seats, I said to my neighbor: "There, sir, is something I have never noticed before. Do you observe the tops of the trees against the deep blue of the summer sky. How like they are to an embroidery? That is just what the long, uneven edging is, a beautiful embroidery." An instant's upward glance, and his sunken eyes turned inquiringly upon me, then he drily said: "Most things are just as illusory. It is only in such idle, immaterial fancies that life passes with any assurance of joy or comfort. In all the stern realities, life is a grim failure and disappointment. There is no such thing as the possession, the realization, of our dreams and hopes and desires. However earnest our pursuit, at the end is inevitable failure." He proceeded in this pessimistic view of life with the chilled analysis of an unsympathetic philosopher, whose heart was cold and whose sentimental interest in it, if he ever had any, had long since died. At last, he said, I will tell you a fairy story to illustrate and prove that I am right.

There lived deep in the Black Forest of Germany a woodcutter and his child. She, a beautiful little girl, was his only companion, her mother having died when she was born. They lived in a very humble cottage and were most lovingly attached to each other. They were very poor, getting their livelihood by long hours of arduous labor cutting faggots and carrying the bundles to the great house at the edge of the woods. It was here that they had their only glimpse of any other than the meagre, narrow cottage-life to which they were accustomed. Here the little girl occasionally saw members of the great household, among them sweet children in beautiful attire, playing with their pet-animals upon the lawns. How longingly and lovingly she looked at their pretty clothes. Upon one occasion, as they were returning homewards with the small proceeds of their load of faggots, the woodcutter fell into a deep reverie and, sending the child on home, he turned aside from the path and in a sudden passion threw himself upon the ground crying aloud against the hardships of a life, so impoverished and hopeless as his. The money he had received was not enough to buy sufficient food for himself and child, to say nothing of clothing and comforts. There, however, was no better prospects before him. He should have to continue on, from day to day, year to year, in poverty, denying himself and little girl everything but the scant necessities of life. And he did so greatly hope and wish that he could clothe her in pretty dresses, and give her playmates and toys that children love. In his extremity of despair of these, he began to pray. Not to any God that he worshiped, for he was not a religious man, though a moral and humble one, but to any invisible power that could relieve him of his poverty and provide the things he wanted for his little girl. "Presently, and greatly to his astonishment, there stood before him a fairy, and in a voice of sweetness and good cheer said to him: "I know you. You are the poor woodcutter,

and you are sore distressed because you are so poor that you cannot give your little girl the things she needs and wants to make her beautiful and happy. Well, I have come to help you. You will find buried at the root of the great oak, a hundred yards above your cottage, a bag of gold. It is for you. You are to go there and dig it up. But, there is a condition. You shall not be able to find it, except your thoughts are upon some other thing than the possession of money and the things to be bought with money."

The Philosopher stopped. After a moment I said: "Well?" He replied: "Well, what?" "The end of the story." "That is the end. An impossible condition; nothing but disappointment."

The Author reflected soberly and then said: "I don't like your ending any better than your philosophy, I can make a better ending than that myself." "Very well, go ahead."

The poor wood-cutter arose from the ground, as the fairy disappeared and, with hope urging him on, made his way homeward and to the old oak tree. He at once began to dig, trying to do so with his mind as vacuous as possible, for if he thought at all he would be sure to think of the object before him. And his digging was of course in vain. Tired and disheartened he gave it up at last and went home wearily to bed. In the morning, however, his hope revived and he resolved to try again when his day's work gathering faggots should be done. He selected another place and began to dig; but as he dug, the recurrence of the forbidden thought would come; and again he threw down his spade in despair and went in the dark, moodily, home to rest. But with the coming of another morning, renewed hope cheered him through the day's labor and, cutting this short, he repaired to the scene of his determined efforts, and dug, trying not to think, and dug again and again, but to no purpose, for the thought of the gold itself or the things it would buy were sure to fill his mind, and thwart his purpose. This continued day after day, for weeks together, rising hopes in the morning and disappointment at night. In the course of time his double labor began to tell upon his health, and, as he had spent more time digging, and less at cutting wood, proceeds of his faggots became less and less, and his poverty was extreme. At length, his little girl fell ill through lack of proper nourishment, and as time went on, steadily grew worse. The distracted father labored with all his strength to procure better food and medicine. He had long since given up the the fruitless digging at the tree, and now devoted himself, exclusively, to labor and to caring for his afflicted child. It was, nevetheless, all in vain. At the close of a dull autumn day she breathed her last. The poor woodcutter was alone: his heart broken, his spirit utterly subdued. And so he sat the whole night through in deepest sorrow. When the morning came he realized the full measure of his bereavement; but

it was long before he could reconcile himself to the dreadful reality, and to the awful duty it imposed upon him. He finally roused himself, however, and slowly prepared the emaciated body of his little girl for burial. As the declining day advanced toward the setting of the sun, he took up his spade, and went into the woods, to make a grave for her last resting place. His steps naturally took the path so often trod, though not recently, to the root of the old oak tree, and there he began to hollow out the earth and shape it, to receive his most precious treasure of mortality, the body of his child, "dust unto dust." At length he finished the grave, and there, in the bottom, was the bag of gold. He bowed his head between his knees and wept. He had not thought of it. But it was too late.

The Author stopped. I turned toward him and said: "Well?" "Well what?" "The end of the story." "That is the end. Don't you like it?" "I don't think I do. I believe I could make a better ending myself. Let me try." "Very well, go ahead."

The woodcutter sat silently weeping, his disappointment and grief overwhelming him. Presently he seemed to hear a voice and he looked up, with the wondering thought that it might be the fairy come again. As he did so, the form before him took the shape of his little girl, and it was her voice that spoke and said: "Father! don't you know me? I was the fairy all the time; but I had to die to make you understand. It was your great love of me that plead continually but selfishly for pretty things; and that you should not worship them nor me, but learn to think of others is why things have had to come this way. Take up the bag of gold. It is for you; and when you have finished your work here please go home. You will soon find out that there is something more to do." The vision vanished, and the woodcutter arose, completed the burial of his child, covering the little grave with leaves and flowers, and in deep meditation returned to the cottage. He was surprised to find seated upon a bench by the door, two young men who, rising as he approached, asked for a drink of water and shelter for the night. With his assent they followed him into the cottage, and engaged him in conversation. As the hours of the night wore on this became of such absorbing interest that the effulgent rays of the morning sun, gleaming through the window, first apprised them that the night was gone and a new day in the world was born. It had also brought to the woodcutter's consciousness the glorious light of Eternal Truth; for these men were its messengers, servants of God, who had come and taught him the gospel of salvation. Now he knew that his little girl was safe, and that he had learned the way, and could take the road, that should lead him straight to her, and her mother, in a union that death could never sunder. The means that should take him hence to Zion had been miraculously provided, in "The Bag of Gold."

"That," said the Author, "is an ingenious ending; but what do you mean by going to Zion?" "I mean that Zion is the home of the saints, where the temple of the Lord is, in which the holy ordinances are performed that make sure the sacred ties of husbands and wives, parents and children, through time and all eternity. And as it is broad day-light, the 25th day of December, and we have told our stories all the night through, permit me to wish you a Merry Christmas and safe arrival, before the day is over, in the land of Zion.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

Baptism.—December 5th, 1920, two candidates were baptized from the Stroud branch, Bristol conference, at Gloucester, by Elder Fred. R. Morgan. He and Elder Harvey D. Hansen confirmed the candidates.

Socials.—Wednesday, November 25th, 1920, an entertainment was held by the Manchester branch, in honor of Sister Maud James. The Hyde branch, on December 1st, 1920, also held a social for Sister Elizabeth Davis, and Sister Emily Morgan and daughter. These sisters are all leaving soon for Zion.

December 4th, 1920, the Rochdale branch held a Sunday-school benefit social. Many friends and investigators were present. A liberal sum was raised for a Sunday-school fund.

On December 4th, 1920, the North London Sunday School held an entertainment at Deseret. The program was interesting, and through selling programs and refreshments they were able to replenish their treasury to the amount of £4.

DIED.

BRANSON.—Sister Alice Branson, daughter of Thomas S. and Elizabeth Armstrong Branson. Born May 17th, 1870, at Hull; died October 22nd, 1920, at Hull.

HAMILTON.—Jane McCollough Hamilton, November 10th, 1920, the beloved wife of William Hamilton, of Belfast. She was born in Belfast, December 2nd, 1864; baptized May 16th, 1885, by Elder Francis Greenwell. She lived and died a faithful Latter-day Saint.

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